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A Lost Eevee

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Chapter 1 by Nicole

"Eevee!" I yelp as I stumble to the ground. I glance back at a large shard of a shell of the broken egg behind me. My foot hurts from tripping on it, but my nose hurts even more now.

My ankles wobble as I attempt to stand. *Is this how to do it?* I wonder. *I saw that Poochyena doing it before. He just put one in front of the other.* Shaking as I struggle to hold my balance on just three feet, I raise my right paw in the air and place it in front. The shaking lessens as I put my weight on it. *Yes!* I smile, *I'm doing it! Now, for the left paw...* I try it again with the other paw, and put it down quickly before I fall again. Then my back paws. I'm walking! I stand with pride. I had taught myself to walk!

Suddenly, a shriek pierces the air. "Spear-Spear-Spearow!" I throw myself into a nearby bush, shaking with fear. *Leave me alone!* I think desperately *I don't wanna fight anyone!* I hear the beat of flapping wings above me, and panic starts to set in. "SPEAROW! SPEAR!" It squawks. The thought of learning how run this way makes me almost squeak with hysteria. It's quite ridiculous. Just as I am crouching to break into a desperate sprint, a squeal of excitement stops me.

"Oh wow!" a voice cries, "A Spearow! I'm going to try to catch it!"

"I bet you won't!" another voice smirks, "It'll gonna just break out of the ball if you try it."

Something in the back of my mind clicked, as though I had been born knowing what this object is: a Pokèball. Another Pokèmon is probably inside, and the boy is about to release it. He threw it forward, and shouted as loud as he could in his reedy voice, "Do it! Meowth!"

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